You'd haue enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speach.

Iag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,
Marry before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chid's with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.

Def. O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Def. Come on, assay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but in deed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliuered:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vse, the other vseth it.

Def. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iag, *If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
Shee'l finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe fit.

Def. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. *She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,*

For

For euen her folly helpt her to an Heire.

Def. These are old parodoxes, to make fooles laugh i'th Alehouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,*
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.

Def. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had tongue at Will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer Was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a wight, (if euer such wight were,)

Def. To doe what?

Iag *To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper; with as little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as *Cassio*. I, smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not riſt your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: very good, well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.—
The Moore, I know his Trumpet. *Trumpet within.*

Enter